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"ON EARTH PEACE. GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN."

PUCK



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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

A GOVERNMENT census reveals one divorce to every twelve marriages in these United States. Love is fast getting on the free list. Matrimony needs revision by its friends.



WHEN A CHILD,
MR. ARCHBOLD WROTE NUMEROUS
LETTERS TO SENATOR SANTA CLAUS.

"IT HAS been pretty well agreed among the leaders, Republican and Democratic, that something ought to be done to make Mr. Roosevelt understand that Congress does not intend to sit idly by and have the country made to believe that it is full of corruption and fears."
—Washington Wire.

The idea of such a thing! Fears the light, indeed! Why, the Archbold letters, a few of which were printed last fall, make comment on this score superfluous. The country is convinced that, compared with Congress, the new fallen snow is a reeking mess of impurity. If you still have doubts, read

how some of the Dingley Schedules came into being.

A WILD ASS, en-route from Persia to the New York Zoological Garden, kicked himself to death. We recommend this method to the Hon. Tim Woodruff.

A PASSENGER LINE of "Zeppelins" is soon to be flying in Germany, according to the latest cables, but we wager it will be a long while before American tourist agents will advertise that their tickets include all expenses except wines purchased aboard the airships.

As to Tariff revision—

What's the use of Talking about the consumer.—*Mr. Grosvenor.*

FOR—

Unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be Taken away.—*St. Matthew.*

The Congress will now rise and join in that beautiful hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light, at 26 Broadway!"

JOHN L. has been granted divorce. Probably John is tired of vaudeville and wants to qualify as a matinee idol.

You shock us, Brother Bryan, really you do! After taking part in the convention for the conservation of our national resources, what do you mean by killing more mallard and canvas-back ducks than the Texas game laws allow?

TOM PLATT may write his memoirs, as announced; but publishing them will be another matter—if Anthony Comstock is on his job.

ONE OF THE reasons given by the Trinity Corporation for the tearing down of old St. John's Chapel is the fact that "it has been maintained at a loss for years." Were the Trinity Corporation overburdened with money, such a reason would be no reason at all, but where money is an object, liabilities like churches must give way to assets like office buildings.

NEW YORK, according to Mme. Schumann-Heink, is not as appreciative of art as Norway, Mich. At the latter, the audience sat without collars, she says, and in their shirt sleeves, but displayed the while unbounded enthusiasm. The reason why is easy. The Michigan art lovers wore at the opera the same costumes with which they graced the bleachers at the ball game, and the bleachers are the most abundant producers of enthusiasm known to science.

JOHN D. is still working the world and incidentally working for "The World's Work."

ADMIRAL "BOB" EVANS declines a gift house in Los Angeles, saying that he will pay rent, like any one else. Admiral, in the language of the real estate peddler, "why pay rent when you can own your own home?"



ANOTHER "INFANT."

"LOWER THAT DRAWBRIDGE AND LET ME IN, D'YER HEAR?"



"THE PARTY LINE."

LIMITATIONS.

MR. SCRAPPINGTON (*musingly*).—As Lincoln said, a man may fool some of the people all the time and all the people some of the time—
MRS. SCRAPPINGTON (*briskly*).—But you can't fool me, any of the time!

AGREEABLE CHANGE.

"**W**on't you take my seat?" said the man in the street-car, as he lifted his hat to the pretty girl.
 "No, thank you," she replied; "I've been skating all the afternoon and I'm tired of sitting down."



IN THE ENLIGHTENED PRESENT.

FAIR VISITOR.—Oh, horrors! "Instruments of torture, used in the Fifteenth Century!" Just look at that corset, Marie! How thankful we should be that people aren't tortured anymore.

PREDICTION OPTIMISTIC.

SOME DAY some brand-new phrases will replace the hackneyed ones,
 When the writing man sets out to tell his tale;
 Some day the new reporter won't refer to "Eli's sons,"
 When he means the college boys who go to Yale.
 Some day, oh, let us hope it! there'll be no "ill-fated ships,"
 Likewise no "situations well in hand;"
 Some day the individual from whose tongue such triteness trips
 Will be ostracized in all "the pleasant land."
 Some day each chap who strikes a blow won't come from
 "fighting stock,"

And there won't be any "trifles light as air;"
 Some day we won't make reference to "chips of the old block;"
 We'll eliminate the "multimillionaire."
 Some day the journalistic sleuth will not "suspect foul play,"
 And "song-birds" won't refer to opera dames;
 Some day the captured criminal will not be "brought to bay—"
 And we'll call things by their own refreshing names.
 Maybe.
 W. W. Aulick.



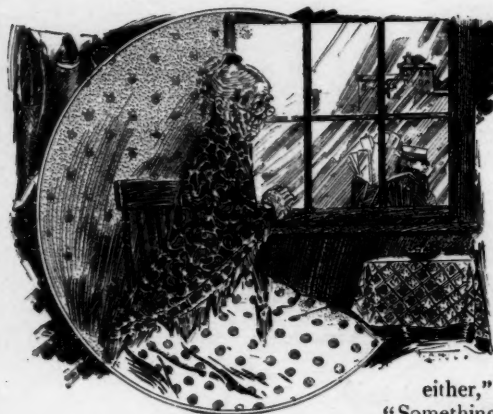
HIS ACERBITY.

"**S**OME PEOPLE live to learn," remarked the Plunkville philosopher, "and some people know it all from the start. Some people have poor friends and are kept busy dodgin' 'em, and some have successful associates and have to put in a lot of time explainin' that the aforesaid successes are nuthin' but a string of flukes. Some people have greatness thrust upon 'em, and some hâfter withdraw in favor of another after goin' through forty-five heart-breakin' ballots. Some people buy coal by the ton in August and some people buy it by the peck in December, givin' out that they do it so as not to start a bull market. Some people part with works of genius for a song, and others retail gold bricks at grand opary prices. Some get thrown out of work and others don't wait to be thrown out, but slide out handily. Some practice what they preach and some get it off extemporaneously. Some sets back modestly and some is such hosts in themselves that they'll do all the honors at the party you're payin' fer."

"What's the matter, Peleg?" inquired the town constable.
 "You ain't feelin' well, be ye?"
 "Oh, yes. Fact is, I was foolish enough not to take sides when the Uplift Society split, and now I've gotter listen to the grievances of both factions."

Will S. Adkins.

L Laurels robust enough to be rested on twith any degree of security grow but hardly in any field of human endeavor, as modernly worked.



FAMILY AFFAIR

"IT'S ALMOST time; they'll soon be here," cried the Brown Stocking, dancing up and down excitedly.

"I am sure I hope so," growled the Blue Sock; "I feel jolly uncomfortable, stuffed like this."

"I don't feel very fit either," said the Black Silk Stocking. "Something hard is hurting my heel."

It must be a ring."

"What have you for the girl?" asked the Blue Sock.

"Oh, the usual thing. What have you?"

"Blessed if I know. There are enough satin-lined, ribbon-trimmed affairs of all sizes and shapes rolled up inside of me to stock a small department store. Why don't the girls label the things? The Man never knows what they are. About all I ever hear him say as he pulls them out is 'Now I wonder what *this* is?' or 'What on earth does she expect me to do with these?' What have you this morning, Grandmother?"

They all turned to an elderly Gray Stocking.

"The same old thing," she snapped. "I am holding some black silk mufflers, and caps and handkerchiefs, and piled around me, as you see, are gray and lavender shawls and more mufflers and about every religious book on the market, all bound in black cloth. I just hate to give these things to the old lady; I know how disappointed she will be. It's the same thing every Christmas. They give her everything sensible and comfortable and—ugly; never anything that is pretty to look at, or that will amuse or cheer her up; just a lot of shawls to remind her how her poor old bones ache, and a lot of good books to keep her from forgetting she'll have to die soon."

The other three looked at her wonderingly.

"Why, what would she like to have? These things seem very appropriate for her."

"Perhaps they are appropriate, but she doesn't like them all the same. I heard a very sad story from a White Cotton Stocking I met in the laundry last week. She belongs to a very poor old woman who lives all by herself in a desolate little room in a big tenement house, and last Christmas the old woman spent what little money she had in making presents for some of the children in the house, and the White Cotton Stocking said it was quite pitiful to see the old fingers tremulously tying up the clumsy little parcels of red mittens and comforters and crocheted dolls. Then Christmas morning came and no one had remembered her. She sat at her window and every time the postman came down the street, she leaned out eagerly to see if he were

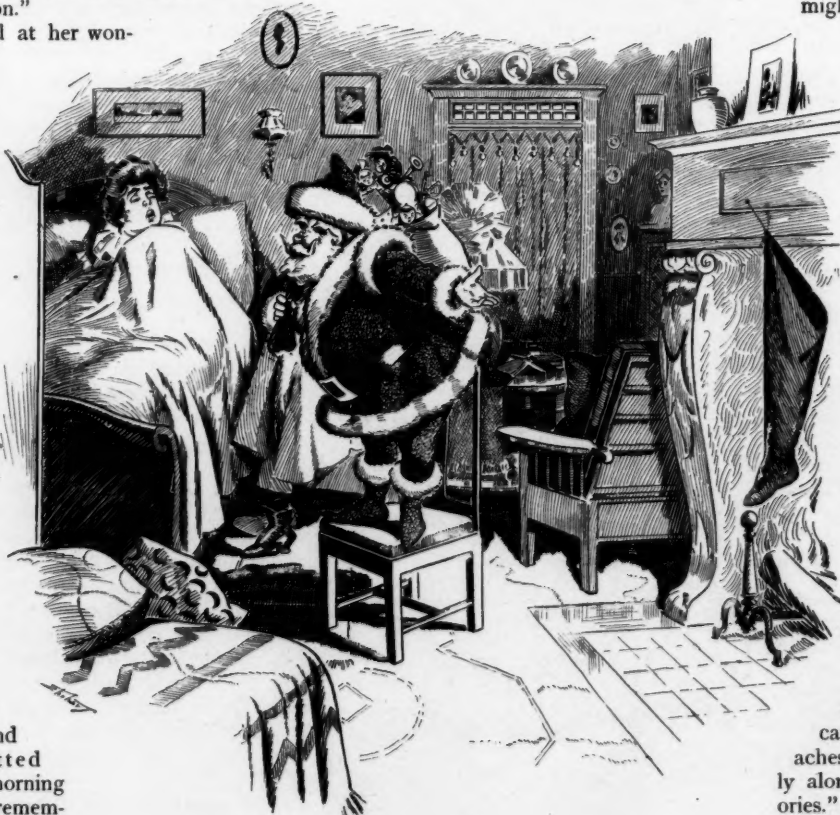
going to stop, and when he did she would sit and listen and watch, hoping it might be something for her; but nothing ever came. And the White Cotton Stocking, who was watching her from a half open bureau drawer, said that when some belated Christmas giver with her arms piled with fascinating little packages gay with holly and red ribbons, would go by, that it made her heart ache to see how hungrily the old eyes watched her, hoping it might be somebody for her, but it never was. Then later some of the people in the tenement house came in to show her their presents, and she had nothing to show except a plate of red candies she had bought for any children who might come in. And the White Cotton Stocking said that as each gift was shown her, the old head held itself higher and the thin little shoulders straightened as she said she 'Sposed her box would come later; the mails was that heavy now, that sometimes folks didn't get their boxes until days after Christmas.' Then when they had all gone, she sat down alone to her Christmas dinner of a baked potato and a cup of tea."

"Oh, I say," cried the Blue Sock, who seemed quite affected, "is that all the poor old thing had? Potato and a cup of tea!"

"Yes. She had spent what little money she might have used on herself for the children. Well the

PROGRESS.

THE HORSE.—Well, it was what I expected. The only wonder is it didn't come sooner.



A BIG ORDER.

SANTA CLAUS.—Excuse me, but I merely wished to ask whether you would like a piano or a touring car.

White Cotton Stocking said that as the poor old woman sat there alone on Christmas day, eating her baked potato and drinking her cup of tea, and no doubt thinking of other Christmas dinners when she sat at the head of a long table filled with good things and surrounded by happy faces, that every little while the brave old mouth trembled and painful tears rolled down the withered old cheeks, and you know, my friends," and the Gray Stocking's tone was very solemn, "the tears of the old are very bitter. Lonely at all times in their isolation from our interests and pleasures, even when shielded by the tenderest care, think of their heart-aches when they are left entirely alone with only their memories."

"Why, why, bless me," cried the Blue Sock, "you have made me quite unhappy, I declare."

"I wished to make you

The degree of a nation's civilization depends on how great a proportion of its people manage to live off the rest.



PANDORA'S BOX.

MYTHOLOGY REVISED TO DATE.

unhappy," said the Gray Stocking firmly. "Tell me, why is it we forget our old people as we do at this time of thought and love for everyone else. We make them warm perhaps, and we feed them, but no one ever thinks of making them *happy*. Not of course our own, but those lonely old people who haven't anyone to brighten their lives. No one, not even a child, is so sensitive to a slight, nor so easily hurt at being forgotten as are the old, and none are so eagerly grateful for any little kindness shown them. Yet Christmas after Christmas, while a city full of children are made happy, our old sit alone and forgotten, in desolate little rooms, bare of so much as a sprig of holly to brighten their old hearts."

"This is too bad," cried the Blue Sock energetically. "Something must be done about it. I'll speak to the boys at the club about this. They are a lot of jolly good fellows and I *know* they will be interested. Every one has had a mother, you know, and a man wouldn't like to think

of his mother, or any other fellow's mother, sitting alone on Christmas day eating a baked potato and drinking a cup of tea without even a box of candy to make her happy."

"It is indeed very sad," said the Black Silk Stocking. "I'll speak to the girls about it at once, and I tell you what would be *perfectly* lovely to do. You get the men at the club to make up a

list of all the poor old people they can, and put up some boxes with cards on them, say, for instance, 'Christmas for the Other Fellow's Mother,' and then turn the lists and money over to us, and we will buy the turkeys and things for their Christmas dinners and send them little presents besides, tied with holly and red ribbons and with little personal notes."

"How are *we* going to make up the lists?"

"Oh, that is very simple. Have each man at the club have his pastor make out a list for him." And the Black Silk Stocking concealed a malicious little smile.

Barbara Blair.



AMATEUR NIGHT IN FISHLAND.

FREDDIE FINNEY GETS THE HOOK FROM AN UNEXPECTED QUARTER.

ART FOR JOURNALISM'S SAKE.



TELL ME, why is a reporter?
Why do editors hold jobs?
For a dollar and a quarter
I'd expose the useless snobs.
They may understand red tape or
Draw their pay; but you take heed:
When you're getting out a paper,
It's an "art man" that you need.

Nowadays our thrilling stories
All are "told in pictures," which
Give us murder's graphic glories
To the last delicious twitch:—
(1) He loves her. (2) He slays her.
(3) He carves her. (4) He flees.
(5) He throws away the razor.
(6) Assorts his brainstorm pleas.

We can't trust reporters shoddy
With a "death plunge" any more;
It is "art" that shows the body
(Posed for us) at every floor.
Photographs are but a flap-end;
All a camera can see
Is the news the way it happened,
Not the way it ought to be.

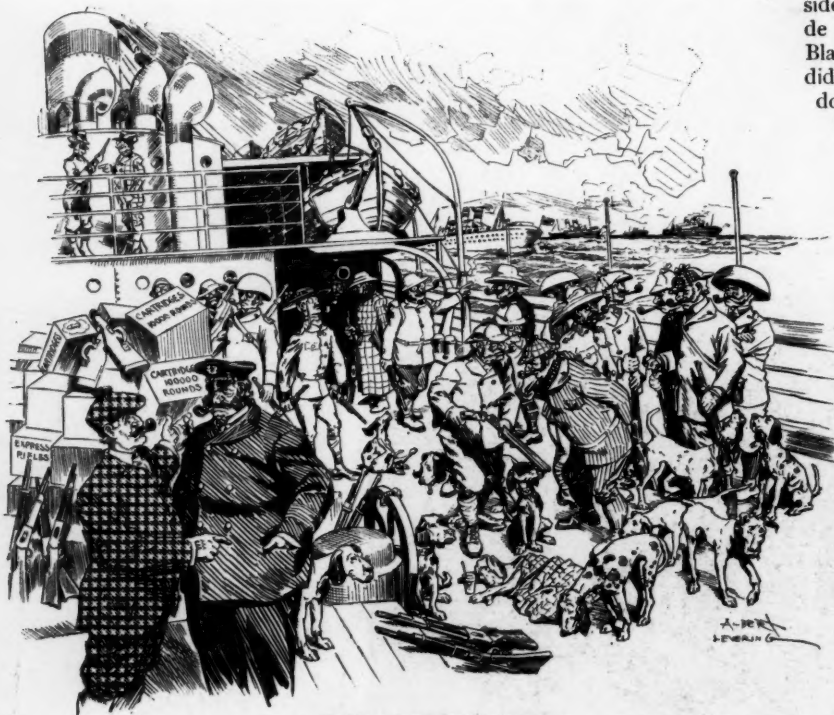
Chester Firkins.

CONVERSATION.

AN AWKWARD silence fell on the assembled company.
"Can you think of nothing to say?" whispered the hostess hurriedly.

The guest of the evening nodded. "I can," he answered.
"Then do, pray, say it!"

He graciously complied and, best of all, his example proved infectious. One and then another of the guests likewise said nothing, until presently the room was once more filled with the hum of genteel conversation.



THE LAST CHANCE.

TOURIST.—Why this extraordinary exodus of sportsmen to Africa?
CAPTAIN.—Oh, they're all in a blawsted 'urry. Want to get a shot at some big game before that blawsted fellah Roosevelt kills it all, y' know.



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

THE CONSIDERATE INSECTS.

"I HOPE and trust, muh po', underdone brudder," severely said good old Parson Bagster, addressing a bibulously-inclined member of his flock, "dat de 'stressin' eppersode of night befo' last will be a lesson to yo'!"

"Yassah!" replied the erring one, wagging his head, convincedly. "I sho'ly reggins 'twill. I been uh-packin' home too many drams, now and ag'in, yuh of late, as muh wife—fine a lady as dar is in the world!—has been p'intedly tellin' me. But, on de monumental 'casion yo' defers to I gits all lit up and draped down by de way-side and slept all night on an ant-hill, and de paltry varmint might nigh ett me up. Blame' near skinned me alive, sah, dem ants did; but dey didn't talk uh-whilst dey was doin' it. Nussah, dey never said a word 'bout de awful contamination o' muh heenyus conduct, and all dis and dat and de tudder—dess ett me up in peace and quiet. And atter dis, if I keeps muh mind, whenever I gits too much o' dat 'ar balloon-juice in muh pussonality I's gwine to lay out on an ant-hill all night, preference to goin' home to muh fam'bly. By de blessin' o' de Lawd, ants don't talk!"

Tom P. Morgan.



A VANITY FAIR CHRISTMAS.

"WHAT did Mr. Noblestack give you for Christmas?" asked Mrs. Du Aboute.

"A set of Upton Sinclair's works," answered Mrs. Noblestack, "a chaplet of pearls for the dear little chimp, a tank of attar of roses with which to sprinkle the lawn, a six-cylinder touring car, with a man-killing attachment which throws the body into the woods and registers the wrong number behind the car, a string of vanishing diamonds to be worn when passing the customs officers, and a beautiful, dissipated Marquis, with a glamour of scandal about him, for our dear daughter, Aimee."

HUSH!

'T WAS the day after Christmas and all through the house Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse, For Willie had stuffed himself so full of bird The doctor declared he must not be disturbed.

J. J. O'Connell.

Civilization is where a man makes a slave of himself in order to be able to pay servants for making a slave of his wife.

PUCK



"Undarned socks are signs of prosperity."
—A Commercial Authority.

WHENAS abroad my Julia goes,
Ah me! how disenchanting shows
A hole in Julia's silken hose!

And when I cast mine eyes and see
This puncture of prosperity,
Ah, how that puncture paineth me!

For what care I that rents are high,
That cost-of-living scales the sky?—
That hole offends my lover's eye.

For howsoever trig and trim
May be my Julia's ankle slim,
That rent puts passion on the glim.

Ah me! if only maidens knew
The damage such a rent will do,
'Twould never be exposed to view.

Instead, they'd wear, when Boreas blows,
The Harveyized and holeproof hose
That's reinforced at heel and toes.

B. L. T.

BROMIDES OF THE "LAME DUCK."



It is really quite a relief to me to get out of Congress. My business affairs have simply gone to smash since I first came to Washington. I suppose I would have been re-elected, feel sure of it, indeed—had I not been so busy shaping up my short-session work that I was hampered in my canvass."

"The business men in my district were for me to a man—but you must remember the vote of a purchasable floater counts quite as large in the ballot-box as the vote of the leading minister in the country."

"My constituents did not understand, of course, that I was just getting to the point of my greatest usefulness. I should have had committee assignments next session that would have enabled me to work wonders for them."

"My successful opponent is a nice young fellow—all right in his way, but not exactly a heavy-weight, you know—and I wish him well. It will take him a long time to learn the ropes, to be sure, but—"

"I think my attitude toward honesty in office cost me some votes—perhaps augmented my defeat. If so, I do not regret it; I can well afford to be martyred in so glorious a cause. You know it is hard to do right, and not offend the bosses and grafters."

"Oh, I shall probably be seen around Washington occasionally after I retire. I have lots of friends in Congress, and I shall look in on them every little bit."

"The administration was lukewarm toward me,

too. Not that I opposed it—but I never was a cuckoo; I was always independent. Perhaps that didn't pay, practically."

"I am glad I didn't play the demagog in my late race, anyway. I prefer an honorable defeat to a tainted victory. I had rather be right, than re-elected."

"I shall impatiently await the coming of March 4—the day of my emancipation."

James B. Nevin.

PIPER.

TIRING at length of the poverty and stagnation of the old world, the piper in the proverb emigrated to America, and there became socially very important.

Not by dabbling in copper, however.

On the contrary, he remained the piper in the proverb, to be remunerated by whoever danced; but now, instead of the grudging pay he had been accustomed to abroad, the best people vied with one another to see which of them should hand him the largest check.

Quite naturally.

For inasmuch as we Americans begin with the disadvantage of being born free and equal, it is only as they blow

themselves something fierce that our betters ever get to be identified.

Ramsey Benson.

SPREADING.

"PLUNKVILLE has sixty-eight houses now, I hear."

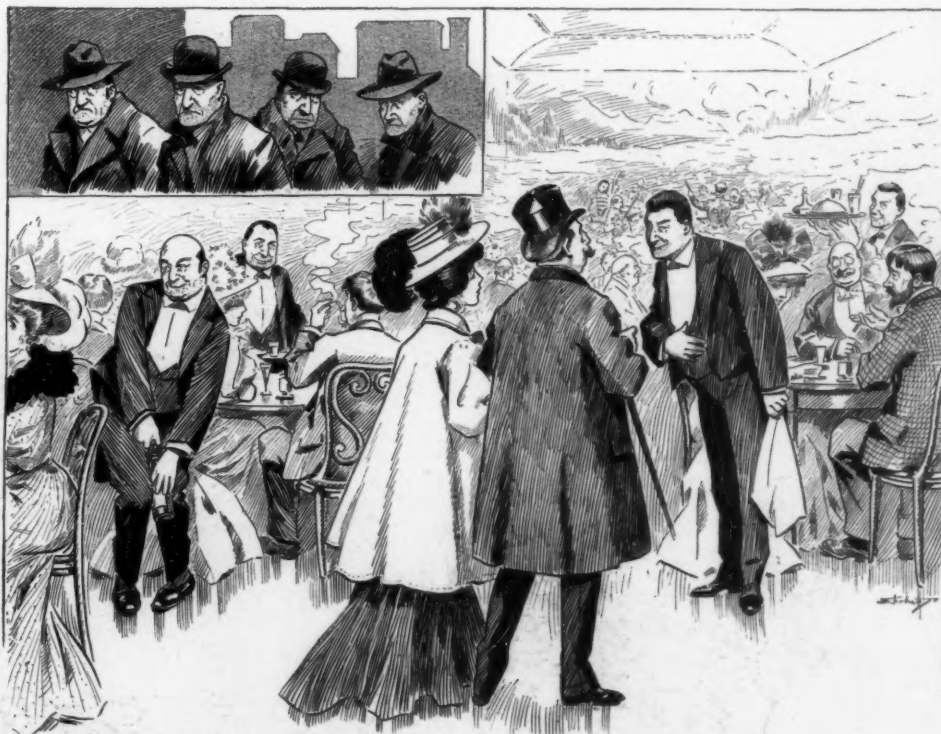
"Yes, sir. The Plunkville Plain-Dealer justifiably alludes to Plunkville as the Chicago of Piffle County, sir."

NO NOVELTY.

"A NOVEL always ends with the marriage."

"Which is proper. There's nothing novel about the subsequent hunt for a flat, and a cook, and a job lot of furniture."

YOU MIGHT TAKE THESE FOR BRIGANDS—



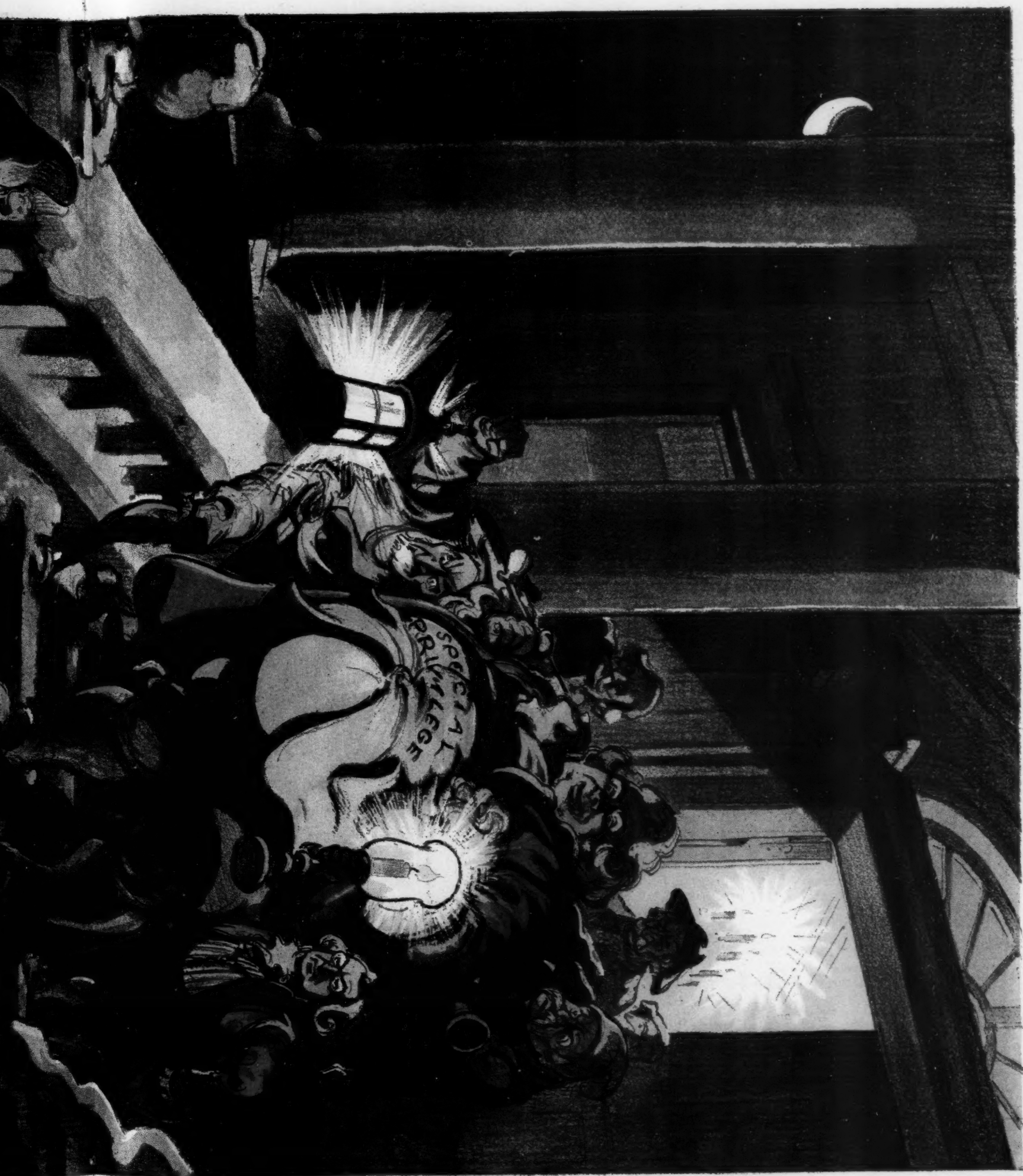
—AND YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO GUESS AGAIN. THEY ARE.



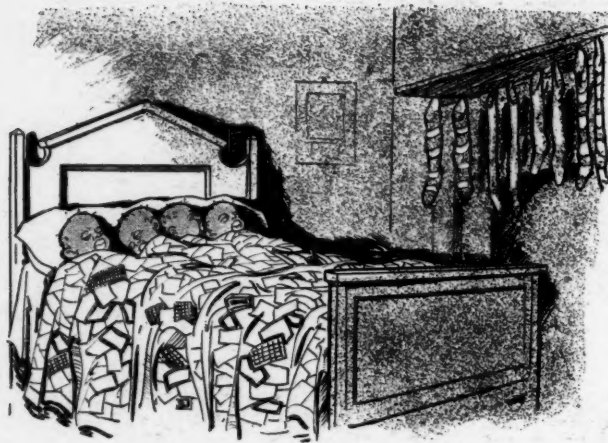
The Tariff "Wait."

Confound you, merry gentlemen!
Will nothing you dismay?
Won't you revise the Tariff
Until the Judgment Day?

I've waited for Revision
Until I'm old and gray.
Dobrot you, merry gentlemen!
Will nothing you dismay?



PUCK



THE CHRISTMAS COLOR LINE.

THE LEGION.

(Not so well as he might have written it.)

THE MAN who Used to Be with Booth is very far from rare.
You've heard him talk of Barrett; you have seen him
everywhere.
You've heard him reminisce about the Palmy Long Ago;
You've heard him knock the Present Stage and current
Broadway show.
Ah, myriad is his number, ay, and legion is his name
Who prates about the Other Days of Histrionic Fame.
In numbers, howsoever, to another he must yield.
I sing The Man who Used to Work with Eugene Field.

The Only Man who Could Decipher Horace
Greeley's Hand
Is common as corruption and more plenteous than sand;
The Man whose Father Could Have Bought for Forty-
seven Cents
The Lower Half of Broadway makes an army that's
immense;
Chicago's First White Infant is as many as the snows—
(I might remark, in passing, even I am one of those);
But numbers pale to nothingness as soon as is revealed
The Polyman that Used to Work with Eugene Field.

Oh, many are the people I would celebrate in rhyme—
The Man who Tells of Nilsson and of Patti in Their Prime;
Nor must I quite omit to give a little of renown
To him who Can Remember When this Used to Be
Up-town.
But oh, how much more numerous is he of my refrain
Who labored with the poet, clear from Oregon to
Maine!
That large and loyal legion, engraven on whose
shield
The shibboleth: "I Used to Work with Eugene
Field."
Franklin P. Adams.

SOME CHRISTMAS CHEER.

WHAT HAPPENED LAST YEAR.

THE Standard Oil Company gave each
employé a turkey, and kerosene jump-
ed half a point.

Many drug clerks took a partial holi-
day, working but twenty-three hours out of
the twenty-four.

A million men could feel their's; half a
million didn't go home till mornin', and a full
hundred thousand didn't go home until the
customary ten days had elapsed.

Aunt Mary's jam-cake got in from the country,

after ten days' detention in the congested railroad yards. Most of
the fruit was on the hand-embroidered center-piece and on the pink
ribbon for the baby.

The Freight Truckers and the Box-Car Loaders' Association
gave the twenty-third annual ball. No casualties.

Three hundred thousand small boys were
reminded of the apples that grow green in
the spring.

Strong resolutions condemnatory of
the American method of celebrating
Christmas passed by the members of
the famous Oyster family of Ches-
apeake Bay. Similar resolutions
adopted by the ancient Gobbler
family of New England.

Ten thousand domestic recon-
ciliations took place through the
use of tact in the giving of presents;
a hundred thousand divorces
brought about through the lack of
tact. Is tact a blessing?

A rumor spread in St. Louis
and Cincinnati that the saloons had
closed for the day. Rioting and incen-
diarism until report was contradicted.

Impressive services in the churches.
A million-dollar floral display; a ten-
million-dollar millinery display. A
thousand dollars subscribed for the
poor.

Stuart B. Stone.

FOOTBALL.

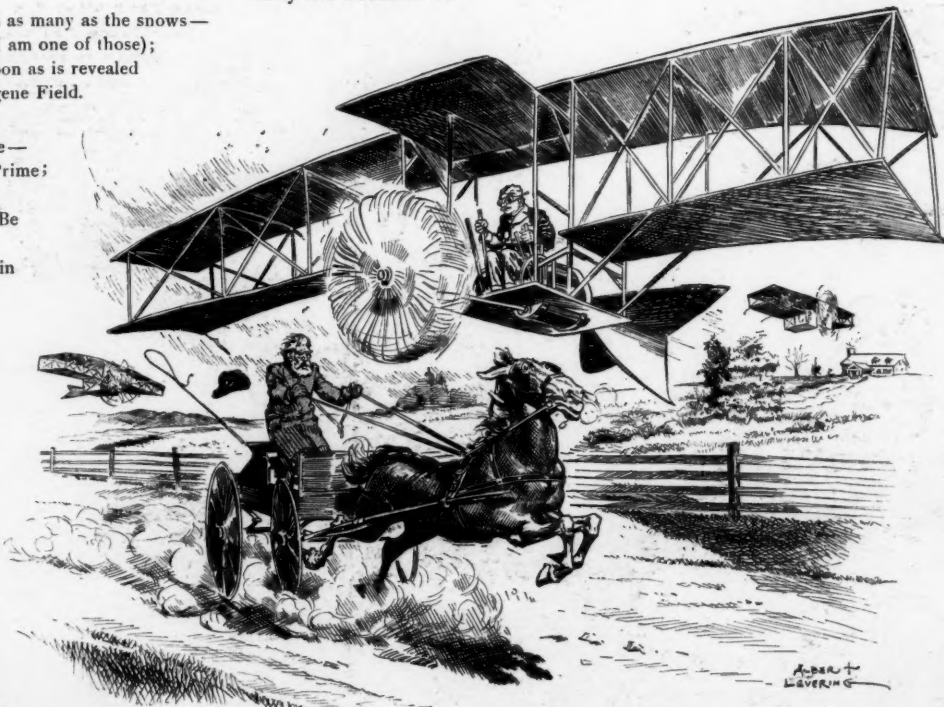
"FOOTBALL," declares the President of
Chicago's School Board, "is a
disease!"

Similia similibus curantur. Pose also is a disease, and if that
which we call education is to be saved from becoming as bad a pose
as any, it will be by reason of a jolt now and then from an uprush
of elemental emotion such as modern football is so copi-
ously the occasion of.



THE DRUG BUSINESS.

DRUGGIST (2 A. M.)—Hello,
what's up? Somebody sick?
CITIZEN.—Oh, no, I just want
to buy a two-cent stamp.



THE NEXT THING IN SHIES.

DRIVER (between bumps).—Whoa! Dodgast yer! First I—had ter—
break yer ter bikes—then ter trolleys! Then—t' autos! And now, golram
yer, I've got t' break yer ter airships!

Pose keeps the most of us from getting very near to nature, no matter where
we spend the summer.

THE LOST FRUIT.



ONCE on a time there was an old sea-captain who, after having visited almost every corner of the world, had retired to spend the rest of his life in a quiet little village, from the heights of which he could watch his old sweetheart, the sea, coquetting with the yellow sands of the shore. Besides the sea, he had another passion: he loved plants. His garden was carefully kept, and the weather-beaten face of the old captain might be seen at any time to form a smiling background for some rose or lily. On his travels, he had collected the seeds of rare plants, from which he now tried to coax blossom and fruit with the aid of a hothouse and affectionate nursing. To one plant in particular did he give careful attention. He did not know its name. Somewhere, somehow he had picked it up; his memory could not recall just where.

Neither did the villagers know, but they nevertheless admired. When the blossoms appeared they considered them beautiful. When the schoolmaster, at the request of the eccentric old gardener, tasted the fruit, he pronounced it luscious.

"Why," he declared, "this has a finer taste than any fruit I have ever eaten. There is a spicy sweetness to it which is very refreshing."

"Thanks," the captain replied, in his curt but genial way. And his face beamed.

The schoolmaster spoke to others of the delicious fruit, and he referred to the captain in terms of praise. Others, however, did not take that view of the matter.

"Why can't we taste of that fruit? It isn't right, anyhow, that one fellow in a town like ours has something like that all to himself." So spoke the tailor; and he was a wonderfully well-read man.

"There's something in that, too," the weaver said.

"I hold this truth to be self-evident, that all men are created equal." This from Sam, the Sage. Sam was one of those men who are too busy with their thoughts to do anything else.

The upshot of all this discussion was that a committee called on the captain, demanding that he divide the fruit with the inhabitants of the village.

"Why, yes," he answered. "I don't mind handing out rations to anyone who comes and asks for them. Of course, every man ought to be captain of his own ship. That's always been my way of looking at life, and I suppose I could do as I pleased in this affair. But never mind; let them come and get a taste. I'll do even better than that: I'll give some of the seed to anybody that asks for it."

They thanked him, and took the fruit. Some asked for the seed, too. They planted it, but it did not thrive. The tender shoots had the same sunshine and the same rain as the captain's plants, but they did not have the captain's love.

Again and again they ate of the fruit. They no longer stopped to thank their benefactor, and their demands became more and more imperious. They believed they were entitled to participation in the fruits of the captain's affectionate labor on the basis of equality.

"These are our sacred rights," Sam the Sage voiced their sentiments.

Strange to say, however, the more fruit the captain gave away, the more did his trees bear. He had now a little orchard of the exotic plant. This pleased the captain not a little, and he was all the more ready to give as his charities seemed to bring rich returns. The greater the harvest, the more he gave away, especially to the little ones, whom he dearly loved.

But the villagers were not satisfied.



JUST A PRECAUTION.

GAWGE.—Why, Gwegowy! What—

GWEGOWY.—Don't mention it, me boy. I'm tewibly mortified as it is, but the motor has bwoken down and I'd catch my death of cold, 'pon honor, if I went without my wind-shield.

"Look at the way he's thriving," the tailor argued, gesticulating with his shears. "The more he gives, the more he gets. None of us has a tree of that kind in the garden. Why is it? There's something mighty funny in that, I tell you. Anyhow, as long as those trees stand, he'll lord it over us."

"There's something in that, too," the weaver echoed.

"We don't want no paternalism," growled Sam the Sage.

These leaders soon leavened society. A storm began to brew which the owner of the orchard little suspected.

Finally the men of the village came and uprooted the trees. The old captain protested, but in vain. He pleaded with them, but the destroyers did not heed. Tears were in his eyes as he saw one after the other of his beloved plants torn up by the roots or simply cut down.

Of course, he could stay there no longer. Hastily he hid some of the seed in his clothes, packed his trunks, hired an express man, and said good-by to the little village he had learned to love.

The villagers did not regret their action. Even now, after years, they proudly tell their children of the great blow they once struck for equality. The little ones listen, but after the story is ended, they sit in the corner and weep as they think of the lost fruit.

Arthur B. Rhinow.



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THE POETESS.—Oh, I *would!* And could you let me have five hundred other proofs or so of it; I want to distribute them among my friends.

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FROM the fuss made over the appointment of Frank Hitchcock to be Postmaster-General one might assume that the place carries immortal fame. Just to prove that it doesn't, try naming the last half-dozen or so who have filled the position.—*Phila. Ledger.*

STORY OF THE GAME.

(Third Inning.)

Tinker tickled the clouds with a beautiful Wilbur Wright and stopped off at Devlinville to get the view. Kling ripped one through the grass that sounded like a hired man eating celery. His ticket only read to first, but in the meantime Tinker returned bronzed by the southern exposure, and glad to be back home once more. Brown made a short approach on first with a hoopsy-day-day and changed his mind about making an extended trip. Kling insinuated himself as far as second and stopt to discuss the Balkan war cloud with Herzog. John, of Troy, got free transportation to Tenneyville after a little desultory firing by the mighty Matthewson.

Bang! A twelve pounder by Schulte out in the left field hinterland, which gave Kling a franchise for the right of way from keystone to home, sweet home, via Devlinville, also a stopover for himself and friends at the half way house. The Trojan paused on third because it was unconstitutional to proceed onward. Cap. Chance doubled to right field, scoring Evers and Schulte. Two in the casket and Steiny died an unnatural death, surrounded by the home folks. The vampire handed him a dish of arsenic. His last words were: "Better luck next time."—*Chicago Tribune.*



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MRS. HICKS.—My husband has been just lovely to me all day.

MRS. WICKS.—H'm! What was it you caught him doing?—*Boston Transcript.*

"MAN will eventually go by rail from the Atlantic to the Pacific in two days."

"I once did in five hours, and then kicked about the slow time."

"Where, pray, did this happen?"

"In Panama."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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A NEW JERSEY woman is insistent in the demand that she be appointed to the police force. Armed with a slipper, she might be a power for reform.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

FANNY KEMBLE once spent the summer at a small country town in Massachusetts. While there she engaged a neighbor, a plain farmer, to drive her around. The farmer, desiring to entertain his guest, expatiated freely upon the state of the crops and the neighborhood gossip, until Miss Kemble remarked somewhat testily:

"Sir, I engaged you to drive for me, not to talk to me."

The farmer said no more. When Miss Kemble was ready to leave town she sent for the man and asked for her bill. One of the items therein she could not understand and asked for an explanation:

"That?" said the farmer; "oh, that's 'Sass, \$5.' I don't very often take it, but when I do I charge."—*Exchange*.



AN ADVANTAGEOUS SCHEME.

THE KID.—Tell yer what, Naples! Take me inter partnership. Den I'll hold the shoe an' you'll have both hands free t' polish it with.

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HUNTER

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"I cannot sing the old songs—"
Her promise short and terse
She kept. But then she went and sang
The new ones—which were worse.
—*Boston Traveler*.

"Do you trust your husband implicitly?"

"What a question! Why, of course I do—to a certain extent."—*Cleveland Leader*.

OSTEND.—Pa, what is the "Suburban handicap?"

PA.—The lawn mower in the summer and the snow shovel in the winter, my son.—*Chicago Daily News*.

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"Yes," said the modest young man, thoughtfully, "I have broken off my engagement. I have been thinking it over for a long time, and I have come to the conclusion that a girl who can love an ass like me must be wanting in both taste and intelligence."—*Tit-Bits.*

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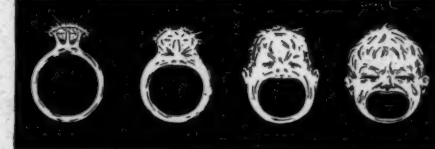
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TRACK COACH.—Well, it does in the long run.—*The Harvard Lampoon.*

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THE SUN IN KANSAS.

The sun has got so far south now that it shines under the house.—*Oswatomic Globe.*

FIRST TRAMP.—You won't get nothing decent there; them people is vegetarians.

SECOND TRAMP.—Is that right?

FIRST TRAMP.—Yes; and they've got a dog wot ain't.—*Phila. Inquirer.*

MRS. GASWELL.—Who is that man who looked at you as if he knew you?

MRS. HIGHSOME.—He is a man who has done some professional work for me once or twice. He's a chiropodist.

MRS. GASWELL.—Chiropodist? Oh, yes; I've heard of them. They don't believe in foreordination, do they?—*Chicago Tribune.*

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CHRISTMAS, Christmas everywhere,
And not a drop to drink.
Same old "good will" (See 'em glare!)
Same old Santa's cotton hair;
Same old turkey, I could swear;
Same old maids,—in pink.
Same old maids and same old smirk,
'Neath the mistletoe;
Same old kiss you dare not shirk;
Same old laughter (hard as work);
Same old sleigh-bells' jerky-jerk;
Same old "lovely" snow.
Same "dear faces,"—all the same;
(Mouths that know no fork!)
Same old news: "Our Dobbins lame,"—
"Widda Todbanks changed her name,"—
"What! Don't know Si Burlingame?
"Why, he's at New York."
Same old pitcher, frozen tight,
In the shiv'ry morn;
Same old lamps, all there but light;
Same old chills and ague-bite;
Bathroom?—Br-r-r!—at dead o' night,
Through the frozen corn!
Same old socks that Grandma knit
"Expeshully fer you;"
(Uh! just feel that woolly grit!)
Same old gems of Granther's wit;
"Aint they well-preserved and fit?"
("Those jokes?—yes;—ah-er-who?")
Say, will Christmas never quit?
Nineteen hundred years,—and it
Is just as bad as new

Chatter Fiskins.

